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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH... AND HEH? (JUST TO BE DIFFERENT.) CRAWL INTO THE DREEPY OLD GRUDDY CRYPT OF TERROR, FRIENDS. THIS IS YOUR GHOSTLY HOST, LE CRYPT-KEEPER... YOUR MASTER OF GEMETERES... READY TO THRILL YOU, CRAWL YOU, AND KILL YOU WITH A SLIMY SELECTION FROM MY FRENCHISH FILE OF FOUL FANCIES. READY? WELL, HE'RE GOES WITH THE POW! PARN I CALL...

OPERATION FRIENDSHIP



SMILING WARMLY, DOCTOR ANDREW HOBART SETTLED HIMSELF IN HIS FAVORITE CHAIR. A SIGH OF DEEP CONTENTMENT CAME FORTH AS HE FILLED HIS PIPE, LIT A DANCING FLAME, AND PUFFED BLUE SPIRALS TOWARD THE CEILING. IT WAS A RITUAL HE'D OBSERVED FOR LONG YEARS NOW... UNCOUNTED EVENINGS' WITH HIS FRIENDS. TURNING SLOWLY, THE DOCTOR OPENED THE CONVERSATION...

COMFORTABLE, PHILIP? NOW LET'S RELAX AND ENJOY OUR GNESS GAME... JUST YOU AND I... AS WE'VE DONE THERE PART TWENTY-ODD YEARS. AMH... THESE *QUET EVENINGS* TOGETHER, PHILIP, THEY'RE ALL WE HAVE LEFT...

DOCTOR ROBERT PLACED THE CHESSBOARD ON THE LOW TABLE BEFORE HIM...

OTHERS WANT SCOFF, PHIL, BUT I SAY OURS IS ONE OF LIFE'S RARITIES... A PERFECT FRIENDSHIP... A BOND OF THE MINDS... A MENTAL MATING FAR MORE LASTING AND REWARDING THAN THAT OF MAN AND WIFE.



THE OLD DOCTOR WENT ON EAR-RUPTUOUSLY, ALWAYS THE MORE TALKATIVE OF THE TWO, HARDLY GIVING THE OTHER A CHANCE TO SPEAK. HIS VOICE DRIPPED ON... RICH WITH BELLOW MEMORIES... NOSTALGIC REMINISCENCE...



YES, PHILIP! TWENTY YEARS OF THIS! REMEMBER NOW IT ALL BEARS, PHILIP! NOW, AS KIDS, OUR FAMILIES MOVED NEXT DOOR TO EACH OTHER! REMEMBER?

'REMEMBER NOW, LIKE ALL KIDS, WE WERE SHY AT FIRST, BUT QUICKLY WARMED UP... FOUND THAT WE LIKED THE SAME THINGS.'

BOOH, AND? I LIKE YOU.

I LIKE YOU TOO, PHIL. LET'S BE PALS FOR LIFE... AND SEAL IT IN BLOOD...



'A KID'S PUNKY NO. IT WAS MORE THAN THAT, PHIL! IT WAS A PACT OF DEVOTION THAT NOTHING HAS BEEN ABLE TO TEAR ASART IN ALL THESE YEARS! NOTHING!'

GIVE YOUR NAME, PHIL. WE'LL BE BUNDLES FOREVER...

TILL WE'RE OLD MEN AND READY TO DIE ANDY...



'REMEMBER, PHIL? REMEMBER HOW INSEPARABLE WE WERE... PLAYING TOGETHER... SOME PLACES TOGETHER, FIGHTING TOGETHER... TWO OF US AGAINST THE WORLD.'

YOU ARE BULLY! DON'T EVER PICK ON MY PAL PHIL AGAIN, O'HEARTY?

DEAF! DEAF! I SWE UP! I PROMISE! OH MY...

NOB... NOB...



'REMEMBER, PHILIP? WE WERE A MODERN JAMBO AND PYTHIAS, AND AS WE GREW OUT OF BOYHOOD, WE BECAME EVEN CLOSER, IF ANYTHING. REMEMBER, IN HIGH SCHOOL, HOW EVEN THE PRETTIEST GIRLS FAILED TO PULL US APART?...

SORRY JOAN! PHIL AND I ARE GOING TO THE MOVIES OURSELVES TONIGHT... TOGETHER!

I WON'T ASK YOU AGAIN, ANDREW ROBERT! YOU'RE... YOU'RE NOT HUMAN!



'NONE OF THE GIRLS UNDERSTOOD, PHIL. THEY COULDN'T THEIR CHEAP THRILLS OF DATING AND PETTING WERE AS CANNIBAL TO THE PLAYING ECSTASY OF OUR EMBRACING MINDS.'

I'VE DECIDED ON MEDICINE, PHIL! WHY DON'T YOU STUDY IT WITH ME?

SORRY ABOUT ELECTRONICS IS MY HEAT!



"COLLECTED THE SAME COLLEGE, OF COURSE, NATURALLY, WE COULD NOT BE EXACTLY ALIKE IN ALL THINGS. I PROMISED LIVING MECHANISMS AND YOU PROMISED COLD LIFELESS ONES. BUT EVEN HERE, WE FOUND COMMON GROUND."

"IT'S A WELL KNOWN FACT THAT THE BRAIN EMITS ELECTRIC IMPULSES, PHIL. WHY DO YOU ASK?"

"I WAS JUST WONDERING, ANDY. SUPPOSE WE COULD CAPTURE THOSE IMPULSES AND REPRODUCE THEM INTO AUDIBLE BOUNDS... ELECTRONICALLY."

"REMEMBER HOW WE WORKED TOGETHER ON YOUR THEORY, PHIL? THE CRAZY MACHINE WE BUILT. REMEMBER THAT SOUND... HOW WE KEPT IT ALIVE IN THE BRINE WATER... ATTACHING THE ELECTRODES TO ITS HEAD?"

"LISTEN, ANDY! LISTEN!"

"EAWWWW! WEEEEEEE!"

"WORKS, PHIL! IT WORKS!"

"WE USED THOSE CLEVER SACRIFICE FOR OUR COMBINED DOCTORATE THESIS. WE KNOCKED 'EM DEAD, DIDN'T WE, PHIL... GRADUATED WITH TOP HONORS."

"CONGRATULATIONS, ANDY!"

"SAME TO YOU, PHIL!"

"AND WENT OUT INTO THE WORLD TOGETHER. REMEMBER HOW WE FOUND THOSE TWO OFFICE SIDES BY SIDE? I HUNG OUT MY A.D. SHINGLE AND YOU HUNG OUT YOUR ELECTRONIC ENGINEER'S SIGN..."

"READY FOR LUNCH, PHIL?"

"LET'S GO..."

"DOCTOR ANDREW HOBART STUDIED THE CHESSBOARD BEFORE HIM AS IF HE WERE CONTEMPLATING THE MOVE HE'D HAD IN MIND WHEN THEY'D LEFT OFF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT..."

"WE BOTH MADE OUR MARKS, PHIL! YOU IN ELECTRONIC PATENTS... I IN SURGERY. AND ALWAYS, FROM THOSE FIRST YEARS, LIKE NOW, WE SPENT EVERY EVENING TOGETHER, OUR FRIENDSHIP CEMENTING ITSELF FIRMER EACH YEAR. REMEMBER?"

"AND THEN CAME THOSE AWFUL WEEKS. I STILL SHUDDER AT THE MEMORY, PHILIP. I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG. I FELT IT EVERY EVENING YOU CAME MORE AND MORE MOODY..."

"I CAN'T MAKE IT TOMORROW NIGHT, ANDY! SOMETHING CAME UP!"

"SURE, PHIL! I UNDERSTAND."

"YOU STOPPED COMING. FIRST YOU SKIPPED ONE DAY A WEEK, THEN TWO. THEN YOU HARDLY CAME AT ALL. I HAD TO KNOW WHY..."

"WHAT'S WRONG, PHIL? I CAN FEEL SOMETHING STRANDING BETWEEN US? WHAT IS IT? TELL ME! I MUST KNOW!"

"HOW CAN I TELL YOU, ANDY? I... IT ISN'T EASY!"

YOUR HESITATION, YOUR AVERTED EYES, A COLD CHILL, SHIPPED ME AND I STEELED MYSELF FOR THE SHOCK OF WHAT I COULD ALMOST SUSSE.

Oh... I'm in LOVE, AMOI!

No, Phil...

YOU WENT ON, NOT KNOWING HOW EACH WORD WHIP, ASKED MY FLINCHING SOUL...

HER NAME IS JONORA! HERE, HERE'S HER PICTURE! I GHT SHE PRETTY?

Very... lovely, Phil!

I'M GOING TO MARRY HER, ANDY!

MARRY? BUT PHIL! OUR... OUR FRIENDSHIP... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... YOU'LL BE BREAKING IT UP...

PLEASE, ANDY, DON'T MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A DONT AFTER ALL... I AM SETTING ALONE IN YEARS! I'M ALMOST THIRTY! IT'S HORRIBLE FOR A MAN MY AGE TO WANT A WIFE... A HOME... ~~XXXX~~ AND OUR FRIENDSHIP ISN'T BREAKING UP, YOU'LL LIKE JONORA, AND...

NO, PHIL? IT WON'T BE THE SAME WITH YOU MARRIED! YOU CAN'T DO IT! LISTEN TO ME

"REMEMBER HOW I PLEADED WITH YOU, PHILIP! ANNOYED... NAYED... STORMED... BROVELED ON BENDED KNEES..."

PHIL, YOU CAN'T CAST ASIDE OUR FRIENDSHIP LIKE AN OLD SHOE, IT'S TOO SACRED! MARRIAGE IS FOR OTHERS, NOT FOR US, WITH OUR WEDDED BOND! PHIL, I SEE IN YOU... GIVE THIS CREATURE UP!

I'M... SORRY, ANDY...

YOU TURNED A STONEY HEART TO YOUR OLD FRIEND, PHILIP, AND THEN, ONE DAY, YOU BROUGHT JONORA TO MEET ME. SHE WAS LOVELY, ALL RIGHT, ON THE OUT-SIDE! BUT A MENTAL MONSTER WITHIN...

THIS IS ANDREW HOBART, JONORA!

SEE, PHILLY'S TOL' ME ALL ABOUT! FUN, DDD, HE SAYS YOU'RE REAL SMART.

YOUR FIANCEE EXAMBER- AFTER, JONORA! IT IS PHILIP WHO IS THE SMARTER OF THE TWO OF US!

PHILLY? SMART? AN, S'WONT HE'S BIG AN HAND-SOME AN... AND HE CAN PLAY A MEAN GAME OF TENNIS, BUT SMART? REALLY? YER KIDDIN'! PHILLY? YOU SMART?

"AFTER YOU AND JONRA LEFT, I
CARED PHILIP, NO, NOT FOR ME AND
MY LONELINESS... BUT FOR YOU."

"BOW... THAT GIRL? THAT... JOB...
FEELING! ALL SHE WANTS OF HIM
IS A PLAYMATE AND A LOVER...
NO PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES...
WHILE HIS FINE MIND GOES TO
WASTE!"



"WEDDING BELLS TOLLED HAPPY-
NESS FOR YOU, PHILIP... JEREMY
FOR ME. I WAS YOUR BEST MAN,
OF COURSE, BUT NO LONGER YOUR
BEST FRIEND... CLOSEST COM-
PANION..."

"I'LL LOVE
ANYONE!"

"BYE,
GO-EE
SEE
YUH."

"GOOD-BYE,
PHIL...
CHORE..."



"AND THEN I SAT ALONE, PHILIP.
EVERYONE AFTER EVERYONE... LISTENING
TO THAT ANGUISH SILENCE... STARRING AT
YOUR EMPTY CHAIR..."

"PHIL! COME BACK TO
ME. SOB... SOB... PHIL..."



"THOSE BITTER LONELY HOURS, PHILIP... DRABBING
ME... EACH AN ETERNITY... UNTIL I COULD STAND
IT NO MORE. I WAS READY TO TAKE MY LIFE,
PHILIP... READY TO SLIT MY THROAT WITH ONE OF
MY OWN RAZOR-SHARP SCALPERS, WHEN..."

"THE... ONLY... WAY...
OUT... CHORE..."



"THAT PHONE CALL SAVED ME, PHILIP. IT ALSO SAVED YOU.
IT WAS THE HOSPITAL. AN EMERGENCY OPERATION. MAJOR
LOBOTOMY. IT WAS WHILE I WAS REMOVING THAT DISEASED
PORTION OF THE PATIENT'S BRAIN THAT IT CAME TO ME."

"OF COURSE! THE REAL WAY OUT! THE NOBLEST,
MOST SENSIBLE WAY OUT..."



"I FITTED UP MY BASEMENT WITH EQUIPMENT... MADE
MYSELF AN EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY... STARTED MY
RESEARCH... LOST MYSELF IN MY WORK..."

"LOBOTOMIES HAVE CUT AWAY
WHOLE PORTIONS OF THE BRAIN
THAT WERE DISEASED... ROTTED...
TUMORED. THE PART OF THE BRAIN
THAT WAS LEFT CONTINUED TO
CARRY ON THE BODY PROCESSES..."



"I... SPENT TWO YEARS TRACKING DOWN THE ANSWER... AND
THEN I FOUND IT AND MY CHANCE CAME WHEN YOU CALLED
ONE DAY..."

"WHAT? OH, I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, PHIL! YOU'RE
NOT GOING WITH HER? THEN WHY NOT COME HERE
AND SPEND THE TWO WEEKS WITH ME? GOOD!
I'LL EXPECT YOU, THEN! GOOD-BYE..."



THAT WAS A GREAT, WASN'T IT, PHILIP? JOSEFA HAVING TO GO HOME FOR TWO WEEKS DUE TO AN ILLNESS IN THE FAMILY! IT CAME AT JUST THE RIGHT TIME. I WAS READY...

YOUR MOVE, ANDY? HEH, HEH. JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, EH?

I... I SEE THE SIGNS, PHIL! YOUR MARRIAGE IS FALLING ON YOUR JOSEFA. SURELY YOU, DON'T SHE...?

'REMEMBER HOW YOU TURNED ON ME, ANDY?...

ARE YOU MAD, ANDY? WHERE DO YOU GET SUCH A CRAZY IDEA? I LOVE HER. EVEN IF SHE ISN'T SO BRILLIANT! SHE'S FUN, ANDY! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY...

POOR Loyal PHILIP! YOU DON'T WANT TO HURT HER, DO YOU? YOU DON'T WANT TO CAST HER ASIDE LIKE THE TRASH SHE WAS FOR WASTING YOUR LIFE... SUFFOCATING YOUR WONDERFUL MIND IN GREARY TRIVIALITIES. WELL, YOU DIDN'T POOL ME, PHILIP. I FITTED YOU, IF FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART...

'AND I SAVE YOU WARNINGS, AS ONE FRIEND TO ANOTHER...'

IF YOU KEEP UP WITH THAT WOMAN... LET HER DRAG YOU DOWN TO HER MORNING DEPTHS... YOU WILL BE DEGRADING YOURSELF!

STOP IT, ANDY! THAT'S ENOUGH! EITHER WE DROP THE SUBJECT OR...

'TOO BAD, PHILIP! TOO BAD YOU WERE SO STUBBORN! IF I'D ONLY CONVINCED YOU...'

ALL RIGHT, PHILIP! NO NEED TO GET ANDY! THE SUBJECT IS CLOSED!

YOU MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT SOME EXPERIMENTS YOU'VE BEEN DOING, ANDY!

OH, YES? COME ALONG! I'VE SET UP A LABORATORY IN THE CELLAR. THIS WAY...

WHY, YOU'VE GOT A GREAT DEAL OF ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT DOWN HERE, ANDY! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE WORKING ON MY BACK?...'

NO, PHILIP! I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THEORIES RELATING TO BRAIN SURGERY. RECENTLY, IN FACT... I'M ABOUT READY TO PERFORM MY FIRST SEVENTY-FIVE PERCENT LOMOTOMY...

ALL YOU NEED IS THE PATIENT, EH, ANDY?

DOCTOR HOBART LOOKED UP, HIS DREAMY THOUGHTS RETURNED TO THE PRESENT BY THE SHARP HAMBERING ON THE DOOR...

OH, BLAST! I FORGOT!
IT'S THURSDAY! THEY'RE
HERE FOR THEIR WEEKLY
VISIT!



DOCTOR HOBART STEPPED OUT THROUGH THE SLIDING DOORS OF THE LIBRARY, TURNING TO CLOSE THEM.

I'LL BE BACK IN AS
SOON AS THEY'VE GONE,
PHILIP! THEN WE CAN
CONTINUE OUR GAME!



THE LIBRARY DOORS LOCKED, ANDREW BRUING OPEN THE FRONT DOOR...

WELL, PHILIP!
JONORA! COME
IN... COME IN...

WE CAN'T
STAY LONG
TODAY, CAN
WE DEAR?

HUH?
OH, YEAH...
I HEAR.
NO, NO! WE CAN'T!



DOCTOR HOBART LED HIS GUESTS PAST THE LIBRARY INTO THE SITTING ROOM...

GOING DANCING AGAIN,
PHILIP? AREN'T YOU
GETTING A LITTLE OLD
FOR THAT?

HUH? MAH, WE
ENJOY DANCING...
DON'T WE, JONORA?
LOSER FOR DANCING...



IT WAS A DULL, REGULARITY VISIT WITH JONORA OBVIOUSLY IMPATIENT TO GO, AND PHIL DOING LITTLE TO CARRY ON ANY CONVERSATION. THIS IS THE WAY IT'S BEEN EVERY WEEK FOR TWENTY YEARS...

WELL, WE REALLY MUST
BE GOING? COME ALONG,
PHILIP?

HUH? OH,
YEAH? BYE,
ANDY? SEE
YOU...

OF COURSE,
PHILIP! NEXT
WEEK? GOOD-BYE...



DOCTOR HOBART LED THEM TO THE FRONT DOOR, WATCHED THEM HURRY DOWN THE WALK TO THEIR WAITING CAR...



THEN HE UNLOCKED THE DOOR AND WENT INTO THE LIBRARY...

YOU KNOW, PHILIP, I DON'T THINK JONORA NOTICED THE LEAST DIFFERENCE WHEN SHE CAME HOME FROM THAT VISIT TO HER FAMILY TWENTY YEARS AGO. SHE STILL HAS THE THINGS SHE WANTS OF HER HUSBAND, THE PHYSICAL THINGS. SHE'S PERFECTLY SATISFIED WITH YOUR BODY, AND...



... AND TWENTY-FIVE PER-
CENT OF YOUR BRAIN, AND
I'VE GOT THE REAL YOU,
PHILIP... THE IMPORTANT
PART OF YOUR BRAIN... YOUR
CREATIVE ARTISTIC PART...



THE BRAIN FLOATED LAZILY IN THE
JAR OF AMBER LIQUID...

AND SO THE FEARS STRETCH
HAPPILY AHEAD OF US, PHILIP!
YOU AND I... TOGETHER TILL
DEATH... IN MENTAL COMPANION-
SHIP.



DOCTOR HOBART FLIPPED ON THE
VOICE AMPLIFIER SWITCH FOR THE
FIRST TIME THAT EVENING... AND
TURNED THE VOLUME...

ALL RIGHT,
PHILIP! GO
AHEAD! RANT
AND RAVE!

OH, GOD? WHY
DID YOU DO IT?
WHY? I LOVED
HER! I WAS HAPPY
WITH HER! WHY DON'T
YOU BELIEVE ME?



DOCTOR HOBART SHOOK HIS HEAD, SMILING WARMLY
AT THE BRAIN SUSPENDED IN THE MUBBLING LIQUID...

OH, DON'T BE A FOOL, PHILIP! WHY MUST WE
ALWAYS GO THROUGH THIS... EVERY NIGHT...
BEFORE WE CAN SETTLE DOWN TO A NICE QUIET
EVENING? I DID THIS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!
I RESCUED YOU FROM THAT NITBIT FEMALE.
WHY, IF YOU HAD GONE ON LYING WITH HER FOR
THE PAST TWENTY YEARS...



...YOU WOULD
HAVE LOST
YOUR MIND!



IT'S YOU WHO LOST YOUR
MIND, ANOTHER! YOU? YOU'RE
MAD! MAD! AND, OH LORD,
LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO ME!



DOCTOR HOBART REACHED FOR THE VOICE AMPLIFIER SWITCH. THE BRAIN
SEEMED TO TWIST SLIGHTLY AS IT FLOATED BUOYANTLY IN THE JAR.

MUST I TURN YOU OFF, PHILIP, OR WILL YOU
BE GOOD SO WE CAN GO ON WITH OUR GAME?
ER... I BELIEVE IT'S MY MOVE!

NO? WE STOPPED
LAST NIGHT AFTER
YOUR MOVE! IT'S
MY MOVE...



HEH, HEH! WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT A
WEDDING OF MINDS? CERTAINLY
SOUNDS LIKE THE MAD DOCTOR
AND HIS BOTTLED BRAIN ARE
MARRIED. LISTEN TO THEM ARGUE
ABOUT WHO GOES FIRST, AND
YOU'LL ARGUE ABOUT WHO GOES
FIRST... TO JOIN THE E.G. PAR-
ADISE! ... THAT IS... WHEN YOU
SEE THE STUFF YOU CAN GET, LIKE
BACK ISSUES

WHEN YOU WRITE US
FOR ORDERING
INFO. NOW, THE
KIDLET-KEEPER
AGREE WITH A
FAIRLY TO DRIVE
ALL YOU MARRIED
GANE. I'LL SEE
YOU LATER!



THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HER, HERE AND NOW THAT G.K. HAS DRILLED YOUR BLOOD WITH HIS GRIFTY GAPE, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO FREEZE IT! YEP, IT'S YOUR HOET IN THE VAULT OF HORROR, THE VAULT-KEEPER, READY TO ENTERTAIN YOU WITH A VISIT TO AN INSANE ASYLUM. I CALL THIS MAD OLUMPTIYARN... THIS TALE OF FEAR IS IT TO IN THE BOOBY-NATCH...

COME BACK, LITTLE LINDA!

HE OLD MAN SAT IN THE DAMP DARKNESS OF HIS TUSTEY-PRANDUM ASYLUM CELL, SOBBING QUIETLY. HE SAT WITH WIDE STARRING EYES AND CLENCHED FISTS AMID THE FOUL ODOR OF DECAY AND ROT AND UNREMOVED HUMAN EXCREMENTS. AND HE CALLED HER NAME. SOTTO. SOTTO.

LINDA! LINDA! COME
BACK TO ME, LINDA...



DOCTOR MORGAN ULLMAN, THE DIRECTOR OF THE COUNTY INSANE ASYLUM, MOVED SLOWLY THROUGH THE DARK OIL PASSAGEWAY LINED ON EITHER SIDE WITH ANCIENT OAKEN DUNGEON DOORS. AND THERE WAS A FAINT SMILE ON HIS HARD COLD FACE. HIS ASSISTANT, ERIC HAGEN, FOLLOWED CLOSE BEHIND.

IT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS, ERIC, MAKING USE OF THESE OLD DUNGEON CELLS. DID I EVER TELL YOU FOR GIVING ME THE IDEA?

THE MONEY YOU PAY ME IS THOUSANDS ENOUGH, DOCTOR ULLMAN!



DOCTOR ULLMAN STOPPED AT ONE OF THE METAL DOORS. HE SELECTED A KEY FROM THE RING HE CARRIED...

WELL, THE MONEY I PAY YOU IS THE LEAST I CAN DO, ERIC. HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN, BOBBY?

TWO YEARS, DOCTOR ULLMAN!

THE DOCTOR INSERTED THE KEY INTO THE LOCK AND TWISTED. THE BOLT SNAPPED OPEN. THE DOCTOR LAUGHED...

TWO YEARS, BUT IT'S BEEN TWO YEARS SINCE WE EMPTIED THE WARDEN AND HERDED ALL THE INMATES INTO THESE DUNGEON CELLS?

YES, BUT TWO YEARS!

THE DOCTOR TURNED TO ERIC, WHO TOWERED OVER HIM, TALL AND GRIN AND MUSCULAR...

DO YOU REALIZE HOW MANY SHEETS WE DIDN'T HAVE TO BUY IN TWO YEARS, ERIC? HOW MANY BLANKETTES?

QUITE A LOT, BUT...

THE DOCTOR PUSHED OPEN THE SQUEALING METAL DOOR...

DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH WE'VE SAVED ON LAUNDRY... CLEANING... FOOD...

QUITE A LOT, ERIC.

THE OLD MAN SAT IN THE DEEP DARKNESS OF HIS CELL, WHISPERING SOFTLY...

LINDA? WHERE DID YOU GO, LINDA? LINDA...?

YOU SAY HE CALLS THAT NAME CONSTANTLY...

ALMOST ALL THE TIME, ERIC.

THE DOCTOR SHOOK THE OLD MAN. THE OLD MAN TURNED WITH WIDE STARRING EYES...

WHO IS LINDA, YOU OLD FOOL?

LINDA? LINDA? LINDA IS MY LOVE!

PROBABLY SOMEONE IN HIS PAST, DOCTOR!

THE DOCTOR UNRAILED THE NAUSEATING DOOR OF THE DARK CELL, AND PETCHED...

LINDA, MY LOVE! COME TO ME!

PER? CHOKE... PROBABLY? LET'S SAY... GET OUT OF HERE, HE'S BEYOND HELP!

WE'RE GOING TO CLEAN THESE CELLS OUT, DOCTOR... BEFORE AN EPIDEMIC BREAKS OUT...

THEY SLAMMED THE CELL DOOR SHUT AND MOVED BACK UP THE CORRIDOR...



PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, ERIC! A DEAD INMATE MEANS WE LOSE HIS ALLOTMENT, AND WE DON'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN, DO WE?

I'LL HAVE THE MORE RATIONAL INMATES DO THE CLEANING, DOCTOR. IT'LL SAVE HAVING TO HIRE ANYBODY...

...OFF THE WHIRLING STONE STEPS LEADING TO THE ASYLUM BUILDINGS ABOVE...



YOU ARE CONCERNED ABOUT BEING ECONOMICAL, ERIC. I'M PROUD OF YOU.

EVERY BACK-SAVED MEANS FORTY CENTS FOR ME! WHY SHOULDN'T I BE?

...AND OUT THROUGH THE DESERTED MUSTY WARDS, DOCTOR ULLMAN STOPPED AT A FILTHY WINDOW, LOOKING OUT...



IT'S TIME TO TURN ON THE LIGHTS, ERIC. WE WANT EVERYBODY DOWN THERE TO THINK THE WARDS ARE STILL OCCUPIED.

VERY WELL, DO THAT RIGHT NOW...

FAR BELOW THE CLEAN GREY INSANE ASYLUM, DOWN IN THE VALLEY, LIGHTS BLINKED ON AS TWILIGHT TURNED TO NIGHT. THE PEOPLE IN THEIR CLEAN WHITE HOUSES SAT AT CLEAN WHITE TABLES AND ATE FROM CLEAN WHITE DISHES AND NEVER DREAMED OF THE HORRORS GOING ON ABOVE THEM...



THEY NEVER HEARD THE UNMUTED SCREAMS OF THE INMATES IN THEIR SLIMY STINKING DUNGEON CELLS... NEVER FELT THE STING OF ERIC'S WHIP...



YAAAAHHHHHHH...

COMPLAIN, WILL YOU? WELL, TAKE THAT... AND THAT...

THEY NEVER TASTED THE DISH WATER SOUP... THE SPOILED BLOP MEAT... THAT WAS FED TO THE INMATES.



WHAT HAPPENED, ERIC? WHY DID YOU HAVE TO WHIP HIM?

HE COMPLAINED, BOB. BUT HE DIDN'T LIKE THE MEAL TONIGHT!

OH! WELL, IF HE DOESN'T LIKE WHAT WE SERVE HIM, DON'T GIVE HIM ANY FOR A WHILE. HE'LL APPRECIATE IT, AFTER... SAY... THREE DAYS!



NO! NO! I PLEASE I'LL... STARVE! I'M SORRY... BOB. I'M SORRY...

NO, THE PEOPLE IN THE CLEAN WHITE VALLEY TOWN NEVER HEARD THE SAD MOURNFUL WAILS OF THE OLD MAN... CRYING FOR HIS LOVED ONE.



YES! WE WOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE IF THEY WERE ALL AS HARMLESS AS HIM...



OH, I ALMOST FORGOT! THIS GAME FOR YOU TODAY!

END NAMED DOCTOR ULLMAN THE VERY OFFICIAL, LOOKING ENVELOPE...



A CHILL CRAWLED UP DOCTOR ULLMAN'S SPINE, IF THE STATE BOARD DISCOVERED WHAT WAS GOING ON IN THE ASYLUM, HE AND DOC WOULD BE THROWN INTO JAIL...



THE TWO MEN SCRAMBLED DOWN THE PASSAGEWAY, UNLOCKING THE METAL BARRIERS DOORS, FLUNGING THEM WIDE, SCREAMING ANGRILY AT THE COWERING INMATES WHO BLINKED AT THEM IN TERROR...



THE INMATES WERE HERDED INTO THE PASSAGEWAY, AND MARCHED UP INTO THE WARDS THAT HAD LAIN DESERTED AND EMPTY FOR TWO YEARS...



DOCTOR ULLMAN SHINS THE HEAVY LEATHER WHIP... LASHING OUT AT THE OLD MAN...



ALL RIGHT LONG, IN THE WARD, THE STINKING WHIP ROSE AND FELL, UPON THE WAILING INMATES ON...



SCRUB THE WINDOWS...
WASH DOWN THE FLOORS...
POLISH THE BEDS...
I WANT EVERYTHING
SPOTLESS! WE'RE BEING
INSPECTED TOMORROW!

ALL THE POOR ASYLUM PATIENTS SCURRIED ABOUT WITH PAILS AND MOPS AND POLISHING CLOTHS...CLEANING THE LONG-ABANDONED WARD, ALL, THAT IS, EXCEPT THE OLD MAN WHO SAT IN A CORNER SOBING SOFTLY...



LINDA? I WANT MY LINDA! WHY YOU LET HIM ALONE, ERIC?
THEY WON'T LET ME SEE MY LINDA!

MAYBE WE OUGHT TO PUT HIM BACK DOWN THERE... IN THE DUNGEON!
NO! WE CAN'T AFFORD IT! THEY MAY HAVE A COURT!



BUT HE COULD CAUSE TROUBLE! HIM AND HIS STUPID LINDA! MAYBE HE'LL TALK! MAYBE HE'LL TELL THEM WHERE HE'S BEEN KEPT FOR TWO YEARS!
HE'S A BABBLING IDIOT! WHO'LL LISTEN TO THE JABBERING OF A RAVING MANIAC...



DOCTOR MILLMAN TURNED TO THE OTHER INMATES... HE BRANDISHED THE WHIP...



ONE WORD... ONE HINT FROM ANY OF YOU THAT YOU'VE BEEN MISTREATED IN THE SLIGHTEST DEGREE... AND YOU'LL REGRET IT...

THE INMATES COVERED IN FEAR AND TERROR. THERE WAS UNDERSTANDING IN THEIR EYES. EACH ONE OF THEM KNEW THAT THE DOCTOR MEANT BUSINESS. THERE WOULD BE NO SLIPS OF THE TONGUE FROM ANY OF THEM...



F-F-FED, (DOCTOR!)
W-W-WON'T SAY A WORD!
NOT A WORD!
ALL RIGHT! NOW GET BACK TO YOUR ROOM!

ONLY THE OLD MAN, OBLIVIOUS TO EVERYTHING, CONTINUED TO SOB...



I WANT MY LINDA! I WANT MY...
YAAAAHHHHH...
SHUT UP, YOU OLD FOOL!
LEAVE HIM BE, ERIC!

IN THE MORNING, THE WARDS WERE SPARKLING CLEAN, EACHES WAS MADE WITH FRESH CLEAN SHEETS AND SPOTLESS BLANKETS. THE INMATES HAD ALL BEEN BATHED AND DRESSED IN NEW UNIFORMS. EVERYTHING WAS READY FOR THE BOARD'S INSPECTION. AND THEN...



THEY'RE HERE! NOW REMEMBER MY WARNING!

SOB... LINDA...

THEY MOVED THROUGH THE ASYLUM, SMILING, CRITICAL-MINDED, EYES EVERYWHERE.



YOUR LETTER CAME SO LATE, GENTLEMEN, I HAD NO TIME TO...ER... PREPARE. YOU'LL HAVE TO ACCEPT THE PLACE AS IT IS!

THAT WAS THE IDEA, DR. ULLMAN? HMMM?

THEY NOTED THE TEMPTING DOORS DRIFTING FROM THE KITCHEN...THE GLEAMING BRASS OF THE BEDS...THE IMMACULATE CONDITION OF THE WARDS...

YOU MUST BE COMFORTABLE, DR. ULLMAN. THE ASYLUM SEEMS TO BE EXTREMELY WELL RUN. ARE THE PATIENTS HAPPY?

ARE THEY, SIR?



THEY WENT FROM BED TO BED...TALKING TO THE INMATES... INQUIRING...



HOW IS THE FOOD?

E-EXCELLENT! OH, YES...

ARE YOU WELL TREATED?

F-YES, SIR.

DO YOU HAVE ANY COMPLAINTS?

SUDDENLY THE WARD NOISEDRAVE WITH AN AMBUSHED CRY...



LINDA! I WANT LINDA!

WHO'S THAT, DR. ULLMAN?

OH, DON'T MIND HIM, SIR. HE'S HARMLESS...

THE OLD MAN SAT UP STARRING WILDLY...



THEY TOOK ME AWAY FROM LINDA!

WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT, ULLMAN?

SOME-ER... FIRMING OF HIS IMAGINATION. WE'VE BEEN GIVING HIM PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT.

HE CLIMBED FROM HIS BED...



I WANT MY LOVE! LET ME GO BACK TO LINDA!

NOW, NOW, OLD MAN, BACK INTO BED.

NO! LET HIM GO!

THE OLD MAN SCAMPERS ACROSS THE WARD, DOWN THE CORRIDOR TO THE CELLAR DOOR...



...DOWN THE WHIRLING STONE STEPS, THE BOARD FOLLOWED...



ALONG THE DIM DARK PASSAGEWAY...



THE BOARD MEMBERS PEERED INTO THE CELL, WHERE THE OLD MAN SAT COOING HAPPILY. THEY SMILED. THEY SAW THE TELL-TALE SIGNS... SMELLED THE TELL-TALE COORS.



BEHIND THEM, THE OTHER INMATES WERE COMING DOWN THE STONE STEPS, MARCHING ALONG THE PASSAGEWAY, FILING INTO THEIR RESPECTIVE DUNGEON CELLS...



THE BOARD MEMBER MOTIONED TO THE OLD MAN'S CELL, OR ULLMAN LOOKED... THEN PAID. HE WAS IN THERE ALL RIGHT... COOING AT LINDA, WHISPERING WORDS OF ENCHANTMENT TO HIS LOVE...



LINDA THE OLD MAN'S LOVE, WAS A BIG FAT UGLY FOUR-ARMED LIMP FAT

"WEE, HOO!"



HEH, HEH! YEP! IT'S... THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Gappi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear CRYPT,

I love your comics and your tests of words. I am a witty gut-twisting fan of your comics. I love CRYPT #10, "Grounds For Horror." People should not let little kids work because it just drives them crazy. They seem to make up stories of who really did their killing.

Keep printing your stories. You have a very horror-hunger fan club out here. It's ok to print my address and zip code, I'm dying for a gut-bustin' pal.

Orlando Garcia

829 W Superior ST
Chicago, IL 60622

May I suggest a truce?

—CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Hi! It's Shawn again. I have almost all your comics. All I need is 5 more. Anyway, how are you? I wanted to ask you something, WHY is your show not on anymore? I am very disappointed.

My brother threw a party when he heard you weren't on anymore, and I got a huge poster of the HBO version of you. You're the last thing I see before I go to bed! Well, I gotta go.

Shawn Van Ellis

Philadelphia, PA

This is your late brother if promises.

—CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

It is its genre, each issue of your eerie covers. Before doing on this one, #24, I realized it represented 3 1/2% of the entirety.

On page 5 of "Food for Thought", there is an invisible robe that Merta slips on. Perhaps it's the emperor's new robe? Ye know, at the turn of page 7, I figured Merta was targeted for the final twist instead of Carl.

In "Pearly to Deed", I guess Larry finally had his fill of Phil.

Bob Garfay

Camarillo, CA

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I have two dozen comics and a toy of you.

Jeep Lovelace

Anchorage, AK



I have two Ellen comics and a fan BN you! I'm a lucky dog!
—CK

So "The Crypt-Keeper's Corner"

In issue #24: "Food for Thought" page 7 panel 7, who is Martin? It is Merta in the other 47 panels.

The caption on panel 8 page 4 of the story "Pearly to Deed" reads: "They both talked in love with her..." (who missed the "D" key on the typewriter?)

It's quite a coincidence that in 1954 CK used the word "Merta" in the intro to the story "Pearly Schooner", because in 1995 that word is the talk of the land.

In "Half-Sacked!" The Old Witch says that membership in the EC-FanAddict Club is limited to 250,000,000 people. That's almost the entire population of the United States, that's a lot of Addict! It's a nationwide epidemic!

David Dyllano

Warrington, CT

Let's slip you into a buried box and check YOUR resurrection, David-baby! The "Titanic" disaster was common enough in the popular mind for the first 65 years, imagine if our report of WERD SCIENCE 8 had appeared in the last six months!
—CK

Dear CK

"Undertaking Pator", #24, seems to touch on a lot of taboo subjects for a 50c comic, death and its consequences in the form of the mortuary, murder of innocents by an unscrupulous druggist in collusion with the mortician, a sheriff's loss of a parent, and the subsequent revenge by a group of kids on the evil government defying authority in the process) and, finally, violent assault and murder in a graveyard. The kids witnessing the graveyard murder is straight out of HUCKLEBERRY FINN. Quite an intricate plot for a 'lowly' comic book!

How original (and typical) of EC to have a story narrated by a grave ("The Graving Grave")! This is one of the traits that put EC above all others in its day, and continues to 40 years hence!

EC's retelling of "The Sleeping Beauty" results, instead, reveals a tired old fairy tale with sloppy logic and a Transylvanian twist.

Barry McCollum

Alton, IL

I wondered "whatever happened to my Transylvanian Twist?"
—CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

"Tales from the Crypt" #4 was great. Here's my review of it:

The cover Jack Davis does what Jack Davis does best, he impresses EC fans, and often even sells comics to fans of non-EC comics and people who watch the TV show. The ink are pathetic, though.

"Food for Thought": This story is pretty good, and is better than the TV episode, which has very, very little to do with this comic story. The next three stories are all about the ocean, or at least have something to do the ocean.

"Pearly to Dead": This is a great story with great artwork. I like how George Evans carefully drew his stories with fine line and shadow. I really like the part when Phil and Larry are clearing the way for the US Navy to blow up Japan, and I LOVE the panel where Larry sees Phil's rotted face through the porthole, because it's very creepy Great story!

"Pine's Schizophren": This is not a bad story, but I don't like Bernie Kingstain's art. It's boring and ugly. If an artist with style, like Jack Davis, Johnny Craig, Graham Ingels, George Evans or Jack Kamen illustrated this story it would have been much better.

"Half-Baked!": The creepy ocean thing is wearing off a little bit, and yet, this still manages to be the best story in the book! The ocean scenes are great. Graham Ingels is a wonderful artist.

Too bad he never drew you or The Vault-Keeper Jack Davis, usually the artist who's supposed to draw you, has drawn The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch before; Johnny Craig, who's mostly known for drawing The Vault-Keeper, has drawn (and painted) you and The Old Witch before; but Graham Ingels, who's known for making the stupid, annoying character some people call The Old Witch worth looking at, has never drawn you or The Vault-Keeper. How sad! You and The Vault-Keeper are much better, much more original characters than The Old Witch, and I hate the title of her comic. A "Crypt of Terror" makes sense, a "Vault of Horror" makes sense, but a "House of Fear" doesn't. A "house" is not a type of creepy place.

Questions: 1) Who's version of you is the most accurate, Al Feldstein, Jack Davis, Johnny Craig, Jack Kamen, the Archaic film or Kevin Kline, who created the TV version of you? 2) Are you related to The Vault-Keeper at all, even distantly? 3) Who is the oldest Ghoul-Lord? PLEASE ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS SERIOUSLY AND HONESTLY!!!

Zeke Stern

Encinitas, CA

Did you know if you play Lennon saying, "Charlie and The Deathkads" from the LET IT BE album backwards he says "Oh! Soaring past the porthole!"

We slip the entire mailorder staff in liquid Mylar twice a year, when we spray them for ticks.

If you were a habitue of The Old Witch's haunts, as I unwillingly am, you'd agree they're mighty creepy!

Only Jack Davis captured the pure physical power and ethereal grace that is me!

-CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

It's me, Monsterman, again. I just read your latest job, #23, yesterday.

"Undertaking Peter" was great, up to the nice little poetic justice at the end. Still more proof that Jack Davis was the greatest of the EC artists.

"The Drowning Grief" was good, but it just felt like a remake of that one about the trunk. Besides, that thing about "earth worms" was way too necrophiliac.

Your version of "Sleeping Beauty" was funny, particularly the character of "Melen"? I look forward to see how they do it on your show.

"Shadow of a Doubt" was too good a story for that old bet, The Old Witch. Who'da think that a shadow could kill someone? That's something to try on those dog days of summer.

Monsterman

address unknown

Er, you mean "Shadow of Death", no doubt. DON'T try it during a solar eclipse! Only the late Jack Davis could do complete justice to the "Melen"? line (but that shouldn't be a problem for me, should it?).

-CK

Also include this month are PASC and PRACY #11 each for \$24.95, TWO-PIED and VALOR next month. Don't forget HAUNT, FRONTLINE COMBAT and CRIME. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this issue for details).

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Write to:
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GEMSTONE
POB 446
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS
TALES FROM THE CRYPT #41* (#38, APR/MAY 84)
COVER by Jack Davis
"Operation Friendship" Jack Davis
"Come Back, Little Uncle" George Evans
"Current Attraction" Jack Kamen
"Mass Call" Graham Ingels

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When the PLUTONIAN COLLEGE OF PLUTONIC KNOWLEDGE show ended with the retirement of handbeater Cy Caelum, his entourage dispersed to the eight corners of the solar system to start solo careers. Our luck, we got told! It does explain much about the career of Jerry Lewis, however. Showbiz told from Frank Tractors the People's Matteson, Spring City, PA, to start THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S PAGE OF...

FINE ARTS



Here's a switch: I go into the crypt to tell them, Brian Shoo, Waltham, MA comes out of the grave to read them. Is there any way to cut out the middleman (you can use my quest)? -CK

Send your contri-bu-tions (not returnable, not too long, not too big, legible, double-spaced text &/or bold black art. Warning...we edit):

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S PAGE OF FINE ARTS

Morpheus's War, Morpheo Brown, Morpheo Red, Mrs. Morpheo's Chawder, all read how to...

Morpheus's Law

Mood like the weather, sultry, searing.
Spies rumored vampire, strobe on, peering.
Scant of a victim, waiting fine
Beacons this Dark One, keen to dine.

"Some say you're evil," comes her greeting.
"People will say things," her eyes meeting.
Foundering in eyes hypnotic,
She fails to charm more than hypnotic.

Buries his canines, glinting, keen.
Sips from her juglar, least unseen
Vamp-eyes like onyx, grasping, glowing
Blood of the victim, sipping, howling.

Touch of the vampire, rise unholy;
A kiss for the living who's
Death to the maiden, now undead.
Bridge of a monster with earthy bed

Shuddering transition, metamorphic,
Reasur-rection, grave-euphoric
"Well come," he says, "to my Necrology"
But she proves to be a prodigy.

She grabs his cloak, gives him a smack,
Bites his neck and bites him back.

As I recover from surgery, here's a candidate for the Fine Arts Page (Please print address).

R/C, Garby, 3/37/68

3163 Sunny LN
Camarillo, CA 93602

I CALL THIS ELECTRIFYING YARN...

CURRENT ATTRACTION



AGE HAS CREEPT UP ON OLD RUPE AND STIFFENED HIS JOINTS AND SLACKENED HIS MUSCLES AND FINALLY HE'S BEEN FORCED TO CLIMB DOWN FROM THE FLYING TRAPEZES WHERE FOR ALMOST A QUARTER OF A CENTURY HE'D REIGNED AS KING. NO MORE WOULD THE BAND PLAY AND THE DRUMS ROLL AND THE AUDIENCE SAP AS THE SPOTLIGHT FOLLOWED HIM ACROSS THE BIG TOP IN HIS DEATH-DEFYING AERIAL ACT. HE WAS A *HAS-BEEN*... A *FORGOTTEN NAME*... A *FADED STAR*. HIS PERFORMING DAYS WERE OVER. BUT THE CIRCUS WAS IN OLD RUPE'S BLOOD. IT WAS HIS LIFE. AND SO HE'D STAYED ON... ENTERING THE ANIMALS, HELPING THE RINGMASTERS, DOING ANY ODD-JOB AVAILABLE... JUST SO HE COULD BE NEAR THE TRAMMER AND THE TAMARISK AND THE CANYON WORLD HE LOVES. AND THEN THERE WAS JEAN... RUPE'S DAUGHTER. THERE WAS JEAN'S *FUTURE* TO CONSIDER...



MOM, DADDY... *NO! NO! NO! YET!* YOU HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH HEIGHT! PUMP! SET UP THERE... HIGHER...

JEAN HAD BEEN TEN WHEN HER MOTHER HAD MISTIMED HER DOUBLE FORWARD SUMMERSWALT AND CAME CRASHING DOWN TO THE BIG TOP FLOOR... LEAVING JEAN AN ORPHAN AND RUPE A WIDOWER. THAT HAD BEEN EIGHT YEARS AGO...



THAT'S IT, HONEY! THAT'S IT! REMEMBER! TUCK! TUCK TIGHT WHEN YOU SPIN... HERE... SOUL...

OLD RUPE FINGERED THE NET-POLE NERVOUSLY AS IF HE WERE AFRAID IT MIGHT SUDDENLY VANISH, LEAVING HIS PRECIOUS DAUGHTER SWINGING ALONE UP THERE WITHOUT ITS LIFE-PRESERVING PROTECTION...



NO! NO! TOO SOON! EEEEEEE...

FOR A MOMENT OLD RUPE'S HEART STOPPED BEATING AS HE WATCHED HIS LOVELY DAUGHTER'S BODY FLAIL, THEN PLUMBE DOWNWARD. IT WAS AN OLD MEMORY, ONE THAT HE WOULD NEVER FORGET.

IT'S...IT'S ALL RIGHT, HONEY! RELAX! RELAX WHEN YOU HIT!

JEAN SOBBERD AS SHE CLIMBED DOWN FROM THE NET AND REACHED FOR THE CAPE HER FATHER HELD OUT FOR HER...

I'LL...I'LL NEVER BE ANY GOOD, DADDY! NEVER! DON'T WHY DON'T WE EYE UP?

YOU'LL DO IT, HONEY! YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL BE A STAR SOME DAY!



THEY WALKED IN SILENCE ACROSS THE TANNAPARK FLOOR, DOWN BETWEEN THE SEATS, AND OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT...

A TALL, HANDSOME, DARK-EYED MAN CAME STRIDING ACROSS THE BROADWAY, GRINNING BROADLY...

BO! I SEE YOU HAVE BEEN PRACTISING, LOVELY ONE! THAT IS GOOD!
I'LL NEVER BE ANY GOOD, ENRICO!
YOU'LL BE SOME SOME-DAY!

DON'T TALK THAT WAY! WHY, WHEN YOUR MOTHER AND HE STARTED...

OH, ENRICO! THIS IS MY DADDY! EVERYBODY CALLS HIM 'RUPE'!

A PLEASURE TO MEET THE FATHER OF SUCH A CHARMING GIRL, MR. EN... RUPE!



RUPE STUDIED THE GRAY-LOOKING STRANGER.

YOU'RE NEW AROUND HERE, AREN'T YOU? WHAT'S YOUR ACT?

ENRICO IS A STAR, DADDY! HE USUALLY GETS TOP BILLING! HE JUST JOINED OUR CIRCUS YESTERDAY! HE'S A KNIFE-THROWER!

I ALSO THROW THE MACHETE AND THE CLEAVER.



ENRICO TURNED TO JEAN.

I WILL SEE YOU LATER, THEN... AS WE PLANNED. NO REVISIT.

ALL RIGHT, ENRICO! SEE, FOR NOW!



OLD RUFE AND HIS DAUGHTER
WALKED ON IN SILENCE UNTIL THEY
CAME TO THEIR TRAILER, THEN...

I DON'T LIKE
HIM! HE'S A
BREAD-LOOKIN'
CHARACTER!

HE'S VERY
SWEET, DADDY...
AND VERY
MUNDANE-
STOOD! HIS
WIFE...

OLD RUFE SPUN AROUND...

HIS WIFE IF HE'S
MARRIED?

OH, YES! HIS
WIFE IS HIS
PARTNER IN
THE ACT! SHE
STANDS UP
AGAINST A
BOARD AND
HE...

I'LL NOT HAVE
MY DAUGHTER
GOING OUT
WITH A MAR-
RIED MAN!

DON'T BE SILLY,
DADDY! WE'RE
JUST FRIENDS!
NOTHING MORE!
HE'S VERY UN-
HAPPY!

THAT NIGHT, RUFE CAUGHT ENRICO'S ACT. IT WAS QUITE SENSATIONAL! HIS WIFE WOULD STAND SPREAD-EAILED BEFORE A BOARD AND HE'D COOLLY KISS HER WITH KNIVES, THROWING THEM IN RAPID SUCCESSION, ENDING UP WITH A CLEAVER BLAMING INTO THE WOOD BEHIND HER HEAD...

BRAVO!

GREAT! TERRIFIC!

GOOD!

ISN'T HE

I'D HATE TO

WE HAD

AND HAVE

HIM SORE

AT MY ONE

SLIP...



THAT'S JUST IT, DADDY! THEY DON'T GET ALONG! HE'S NOT IN LOVE WITH HER ANY LONGER, BUT SHE REFUSES TO GIVE HIM A DIVORCE!

AND YOU MEAN TO TELL ME SHE LETS HIM STAND THERE AND THROW KNIVES AT HER?



ISN'T SHE HORRIBLE? ENRICO IS A MURDEROUS WRECK! HE DOESN'T WANT TO HARM A HAIR ON HER HEAD, THAT MAKES IT ALL THE MORE DIFFICULT FOR HIM!

HOW COME YOU'RE SO INTERESTED IN HIS PRIVATE LIFE?



I... I THINK I'M IN LOVE WITH ENRICO, DADDY!

WHAT? IN LOVE WITH HIM? DON'T BE A FOOL, JEAN! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG! WHAT ABOUT YOUR CAREER? IN ANOTHER FEW MONTHS, YOUR ACT WILL BE BE FINE AND YOU'LL BE ON YOUR WAY! LOVE ISN'T FOR YOU! NOT NOW!



JEAN SHOOK HER HEAD...

I'M SORRY, DADDY! I CAN'T JUST TURN MY HEART OFF LIKE A RADIO! WHEN IT HAPPENS, IT HAPPENS! AND YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

YOU CAN AVOID LETTING IT HAPPEN! YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK FOR IT!



JEAN SMILED AT HER FATHER AND STARTED OFF ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS...

IT'S TOO LATE, DADDY! IT'S ALREADY HAPPENED!

JEAN! COME BACK! JEAN!



HE COULD SEE THEM IN THE MOONLIGHT... MEETING AND WALKING OFF... ARM IN ARM... HIS DAUGHTER, AND ENRICO...

NO, JEAN! NO! I WON'T LET YOU RUN YOUR LIFE! I'VE WORRIED TOO LONG AND TOO HARD WITH YOU TO LET YOU THROW IT AWAY!



THAT NIGHT, OLD RUFUS TRIED TO WAIT UP FOR HIS DAUGHTER TO COME HOME. HE REMEMBERED THE CLOCK HANDS POINTING TO THREE BEFORE HE DOZED OFF. AND WHEN HE AWOKE, IT WAS MORNING, AND JEAN WAS SLEEPING SOUNDLY...

THIS CANNOT GO ON! IT'S INSANE! I'VE GOT TO TALK TO HIM...



RUFUS DRESSED APPRILY AND HURRIED ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS TO THE TRAILER MARKED 'THE GREAT ENRICO'. HE HAMMERED ON THE DOOR.

JEAN? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOUR... YOUR MARRIAGE... I WANT TO SEE HIM... ALONE!



ENRICO'S WIFE WAS A TIRED-EYES BLEACHED GLOBORE WHO REEKED OF LIQUOR. SHE STEPPED OUT OF THE TRAILER AND SMILED...

SURE, OLD MAN! ONLY YOU'LL HAVE TO WAKE HIM UP. HE WAS OUT ALL NIGHT LAST NIGHT. HE'S STILL ASLEEP.

TH-THANK YOU!



OLD RUFUS LEANED OVER THE SLEEPING ENRICO AND SHOOK HIM ROUGHLY...

HUH? WHO... WHAT... YAWN... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU! ABOUT MY DAUGHTER! I WANT YOU TO LEAVE HER ALONE!



THE GREAT ENRICO STRODE ABOUT THE TRAILER IN A FLAKY LOUNGING ROBE, PUFFING ON A LONG CHARETTE HOLDER, LISTENING TO OLD RUPE PLEAD WITH HIM...

SHE IS YOUNG... *IMMA* PERISHED. SHE HAS HER WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF HER. I SEE OF YOU...



I AM *JOHNNY*, BEHON! I CANNOT WAKE UP YOUR DAUGHTER!

ENRICO SMILED...

I FIND HER TOO ATTRACTIVE?

I... I'M WARNING YOU, ENRICO!



DO NOT *THREATEN* ME, ALL RIGHT! OLD MAN. IF YOUR DAUGHTER AND I CANNOT FALL IN LOVE *WITH* YOUR BLESSINGS... THEN IT SHALL BE WITHOUT THEM! *GOOD DAY!*



OLD RUPE LEFT ENRICO'S TRAILER AND STAMPEDED ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS, PUMPH... HE CAME INTO THE BIG TOP, HIS MIND *THRILLING*...



I CAN'T LET HIM *WRECK MY* JEANNIE'S LIFE! I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM! I'VE...

THE BOARD THAT THE GREAT ENRICO USED IN HIS ACT STOOD IN ITS POSITION IN THE CENTER RING, READY FOR THE NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE. OLD RUPE STUDIED ITS FITTED AND SCARRED SURFACE...



HMPH! YOU CAN ALMOST OUTLINE THE SILHOUETTE OF ENRICO'S WIFE FROM ALL THESE *KNIFE* MARKS! AND THE *CLEANER* MARK IS... IS...

ENRICO'S VOICE RANG IN OLD RUPE'S EAR...



I FIND HER... TOO ATTRACTIVE?

OF COURSE! THAT'S IT! ATTRACTION! THAT'S IT!

OLD RUPE LET HIMSELF INTO THE ELECTRICIAN'S SHED WITHOUT BEING SEEN. HE DRUCKLED SOFTLY TO HIMSELF...



EVERYONE KNOWS ENRICO NO LONGER LOVES HIS WIFE. EVERYONE KNOWS SHE WON'T GIVE HIM A DIVORCE. SO... WHAT BETTER WAY TO GET RID OF HER...

RUFUS CARRIED THE COIL OF FIRE COPPER WIRE AND THE BAR OF SOFT IRON BACK TO THE BIG-TOP.

TOMORROW...TOMORROW ENRICO THROWS THE CLEAVER DIRECTLY AT HIS WIFE'S HEAD... SPLITTING IT OPEN... KILLING HER. IT WILL BE SO OBVIOUS! HE WILL BE CHARGED WITH MURDER! ALL THE EVIDENCE WILL POINT TO IT! EVEN JEM WILL HAVE TO TESTIFY AGAINST HIM!



...AND SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, RUFUS WOUND THE COPPER WIRE AROUND THE IRON CORE, CREATING A POWERFUL ELECTRO-MAGNET. THEN HE SECURED THE MAGNET TO THE REAR OF THE TARGET BOARD, EXACTLY BEHIND WHERE ENRICO'S WIFE'S HEAD ALWAYS RESTED.



THERE! NOW...TO ATTACH THE WIRES TO A STRONG CURRENT...AND WE'RE SET! WHEN HE THROWS THAT CLEAVER...

THAT RIGHT, THE SHOW BEGAN AS USUAL. OLD RUFUS STOOD BY, WAITING FOR ENRICO'S ACT TO BEGIN...

HE GOES ON IN THIRTY SECONDS!

HEY, RUFUS! I GOT A JOB FOR YOU! C'MON!

ME...



THE HOUTABOUT FOREMAN LED RUFUS OUT OF THE BIG TOP BEHIND. THE DRUMS ROLLED...THE SYMBOLS CLASHED...

THAT'S...THAT'S ENRICO'S ACT STARTING! I WANTED TO SEE IT! I...

YOU'LL SEE IT TOMORROW! THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT! I OWE THIS SOMEBODY A FAVOR!



RUFUS FOLLOWED THE FOREMAN ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS. A FIGURE STOOD IN THE MOONLIGHT, WAITING...

HELP THIS GAL CARRY HER BACK DOWN TO THE STATION, EN, RUFUS!

I-FOU! YES! NO I'M LEAVING HIM! YOUR DAUGHTER CONVINCED ME!



RUFUS'S BLOOD FROZE! THE DRUMS WERE BUILDING UP TO A CRESCENDO NOW. THE END OF THE GREAT ENRICO'S ACT WAS AT HAND. RUFUS COULD SEE THE CLEAVER RAISED...SEE IT FLYING THROUGH THE AIR...SEE IT WAVER AS IT ENTERED THE MAGNETIC FIELD...SEE IT SWERVE INWARD...CUTTING...SPLITTING...THE BLOOD...THE RED RAW FLESH AND BONE...THE BRAINS...

CHUCK...AND

SHE? JEM? MY DAUGHTER?

SHE'S TAKING MY PLACE IN THE ACT, YOU! C'MON! LET'S GO!



HEY, HEH! SO IF ANYBODY'S INTERESTED IN A SLIGHTLY USED, BROOD-ROAD KNIFE-THROWER'S BOARD, IT'S AVAILABLE. ONLY THIS IS, IT'S A BIT STAINED! OF COURSE, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, IT OUGHT TO BE USED THAT WAY! SORT OF JOSS SOMETHING, DON'T YOU THINK? AND NOW, IT'S TIME

TO TURN YOU OVER TO THE OLD WITON, WHO WILL BRING UP MY BORNED MAN FOR THIS ISSUE. OH! REMEMBER THE E.G. FAN ABOUT CLUB! DON'T DO NOTHING! JUST REMEMBER IT! BYE!



BEHIND THEM SYMBOLS CLASHED, AND A BASS DRUM BOOMED THE GRAND FINALE!

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE WITH YOUR TONGUES HANGING OUT! COME IN! COME INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I'VE GOT ANOTHER SLIME-SERVING BREWING IN MY CAULDRON, ALL READY TO DISH OUT. YEP! IT'S ME, AGAIN... THE OLD WITCH! HEE, HEE! HURRY FOR HORROR, ARE YOU? GOOD! THEN CLOSE YOUR DILATED NOSTRILS AND OPEN YOUR LITTLE LICKING MOUTHS AND I'LL SPOIL IN YOUR FACE... THIS IS HANS BRUNER'S HEERING RECIPE... VINTAGE 1981. LISTEN, NOW, TO THE TASTY TALE OF TERROR HAND DALLS...

MESS CALL

WOLFEY

Ahhh! IT IS WARM AND DRY HERE... IT IS GOOD TO FEEL WARM AND DRY. I AM SO TIRED... SO VERY TIRED... AND MY EYES ARE HEAVY WITH SLEEP. I CLOSE THEM I SLEEP...

COME, CORPORAL! WAKE UP! ON YOUR FEET! I HAVE FOR YOU AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT! COME AT ONCE!



I AM GOING OUT THERE AGAIN. I DO NOT LIKE IT OUT THERE. IT IS WET AND COLD OUT THERE. HERE IT IS WARM AND DRY...

...YOU WILL PROCEED TO AREA H IN 10 YOU WILL DATE YOUR REPORT NOW! 21, 0000... AND THE EXACT HOUR THAT IS IMPORTANT!

YES, OVERLEUTENANT!



I AM CRAWLING ON MY BELLY THROUGH THE MUD. IT IS COLD AND DAMP AND I SHIVER AND MY TEETH CHATTER. I BRIP MY GUNNER TIGHTER. I AM APPROACHING AREA 14 NOW. I MUST BE QUIET. *THEY ARE THERE... THE ENEMY...*



THEY ARE JUST OVER THAT HILL AHEAD. I WILL HIDE IN THIS SHELL-HOLE. I MUST BE QUIET...



'NOW IS, BUT, 10:40 P.M. ENEMY POSITION 14 FOR MEET UP.' I STOP WRITING MY REPORT. I LISTEN. SOMEONE IS HERE... HERE IN THIS SHELL-HOLE... WITH ME...

HE COMES AT ME... AN ENEMY SOLDIER. I BRING MY GUNNER AROUND, BENDING MY BARREL UP HIS SOFT BELLY... PLUNGING IT UPWARD... FEELING THE CRUNCH-ING BONE... HEARING THE SUCKING SOUNDS...

I AM FRIGHTENED. HIS ARMS SWING OUTWARD. I PULL MY BARREL AND THRUST AGAIN... STABBING. SLASHING. CUTTING HIM TO PIECES. I SEE HIS FACE... HIS EYES... AND THE BLOOD POURING... AND I AM SICK...

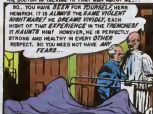


HE... HE IS DEAD? AND NOW MY OVERLEUTNANT IS CALLING ME. CALLING ME BACK. EVERYTHING IS FADING. NO! IT IS NOT MY OVERLEUTNANT CALLING ME. IT IS THE DOCTOR'S VOICE. I AM BACK WHERE IT IS WARM AND DRY.



THE DOCTOR IS TALKING TO THAT MAN ABOUT ME...

SO... YOU HAVE BEEN FOR YOURSELF HERE HENRIKON. IT IS ALWAYS THE SAME VIOLENT NIGHTMARE? HE DREAMS VIVIDLY, EACH NIGHT OF THAT EXPERIENCE IN THE FRENCHES? IT HAUNTS HIM? HOWEVER, HE IS PERFECTLY STRONG AND HEALTHY IN EVERY OTHER RESPECT. SO YOU NEED NOT HAVE ANY FEARS...



I WAS ASLEEP, BUT I AM AWAKE NOW. IT IS MORNING AND THE DOCTOR IS TALKING TO HERR HEINRICH...

...AND SO I HAVE ARRANGED EVERYTHING! YOU MAY TAKE HIM TODAY! I NEED NOT TELL YOU HOW *WASTEFUL* WE ARE!



HERR HEINRICH'S HOUSE IS BIG. IT IS VERY NICE TO LIVE IN A BIG HOUSE...

WELL, HANS! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? DO YOU THINK YOU WILL BE COMFORTABLE?



OH, YES, HERR HEINRICH! IT IS A FINE HOUSE!

HANS! I HAVE NEWS! YOU ARE LEAVING HERE TODAY, MY BOY! HERR HEINRICH IS TAKING YOU TO HIS HOME...TO LIVE! YOU WILL HELP IN HIS SHOP, OF COURSE, BUT THE WORK WILL BE LIGHT, AND THE HOURS SHORT! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS, HANS?



THIS IS VERY GOOD OF YOU, HERR HEINRICH!

AH! IT IS NOTHING, HANS!

WE ARE RIDING IN A CARRIAGE. IT IS GOOD TO BE OUT OF THE HOSPITAL... HERR HEINRICH IS A KIND MAN...

YES, HANS! IT IS VERY GOOD, HANS! BUT I HAVE SAID CAREFULLY AND SELL ONLY TO MY OWN CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS! BUT ENOUGH OF BUSINESS... LOOK! THERE IS MY ADDRESS... YOUR NEW HOME...



THIS FOOD IS GOOD. I LIKE ESPECIALLY THE PICKLED MEATS... AND THE WINE...

TO YOUR GOOD HEALTH, HANS! HERE! MORE WINE, MY BOY! IT IS GOOD FOR YOU!



IT IS WONDERFUL WINE... AND DELICIOUS FOOD, TOO!

MY ROOM...IT HAS NICE THINGS. THE BED IS VERY SOFT, AND I AM TIRED...

SLEEP WELL, HANS! AND REMEMBER! TOMORROW, WE GO TO MY BUTCHER SHOP! GOOD-NIGHT!



GOOD-NIGHT, HERR HEINRICH! I WILL WORK HARD FOR YOU!

AH! IT IS WARM HERE... WARM AND DRY. I LIKE MY NEW SOFT BED... AND I DOZE...



COME, COME! MAKE UP! ON YOUR FEET!

I AM STABBING... SLASHING... CUTTING HIM TO RIBBONS. I SEE THE BLOOD POURING, AND I AM SORE. HE IS DEAD. AND NOW, MY OVERLEUTNANT IS CALLING... CALLING ME BACK. NO! IT IS NOT MY OVERLEUTNANT. IT IS...



THE AIR IS COOL, BUT I AM WARM. WE ARE WALKING TO HERR HEINRICH'S SHOP. I FEEL GOOD...



READY? COME! WAKE UP!
...IT IS A FINE MORNING AND WE
HAVE A FINE BREAKFAST WAITING!

NOH? OH, HERR
HEINRICH?

NOH? OF COURSE YOU DON'T SEE IT HAND!
I AM EXCUSEME! IF I WERE TO HAVE A
BIG OPEN STORE, ALL GERMANY WOULD
COME TO ME FOR MEAT... AND PROOF. IN
ONE DAY... THEY WOULD OBLAIN ME
OUT! UNDERSTAND? AH!
HERE WE ARE.

YES, HERR
HEINRICH! I
UNDERSTAND.

THERE IS MUCH MEAT IN HERR HEINRICH'S SHOP AND
MANY PEOPLE COME TO BUY...

...THERE YOU ARE, HERR
LUDMEYER! 8 POUNDS!
CORRECTLY ER... NOW
ABOUT SOME SCHNAPPS
AT MY HOUSE TONIGHT? WE
CAN TALK ABOUT THE
MEAT SHORTAGE?
RAH NA!

NOH! NOT ONLY DO YOU
SELL ME MEAT BUT YOU
WHITE ME TO YOUR
HOUSE? YES, I WOULD
ENJOY THAT, HERR
HEINRICH!

HERR LUDMEYER HAS COME. WE ARE
DRINKING AND EATING SOOO
PICKLED MEATS. AND I GROW TIRED.

I GO TO MY ROOM AND UNDRESS
AND LIE ON MY SOFT BED... SOFT
AND WARM AND DRY.

HE COMES AT ME AND I SMILE
AROUND, SINKING MY BACK INTO
HIS SOFT BELLY... CUTTING, STABBING,
SLASHING HIM TO RIBBONS... THE
BLOOD POURING, POURING...

THIS MEAT! IT IS
WONDERFUL! I BUT
YOU?... YOU DON'T
EAT ANY, HERR
HEINRICH?
NA! NA! BUT COME,
HERR LUDMEYER, I MUST
SHOW YOU MY BONE
DELLAR!

I WILL
GO TO BED
NOW!
GOODNIGHT!

COME, GERMANY!
WAKE UP! ON
YOUR FEET!

4

I AM SWEETENING THE SHOP. I DO THIS EVERY MORNING. AND I HELP HERR HERRICH LIFT THE HEAVY THINGS. I AM STRONG.



WANT? COME GIVE ME A HAND, LIKE A GOOD FELLOW?

YES, HERR HERRICH.

THERE? THAT IS GOOD! HA! HA! NO ONE IN ALL BERGARY HAS AS MUCH MEAT AS I! AM.



ANOTHER CUSTOMER IS HERE!

HERR HERRICH IS FRIENDLY. HE IS AGAIN INVITING SOMEONE TO HIS HOUSE.



YES, SUSTAN. WE NEED FINE! RELAX A TON! YOU... YOU HERRMANN! AND YOUR WIFE! COME BRING ME TO MY HOUSE TONIGHT. WE WILL HAVE SCHNAPPS! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

WIFE! TELL ME! WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

AGAIN I AM DRINKING AND EATING WITH HERR HERRICH'S FRIENDS. MANY TIMES I DO THIS... TONIGHT, I DON'T FEEL GOOD. DRINKING... TOO MUCH...



OH, FRAU SHOTS. YOU HAVE TASTED NOTHING UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED THE IMPORTED FINE'S IN MY WINE CELLAR. COME, SUSTAN... FRAU SHOTS? I WILL SHOW YOU!

YOU ARE A GENEROUS HOST, HERR HERRICH!

I... I AM VERY SLEEPY! I WILL GO TO BED, NOW! GOODNIGHT.

I AM IN MY ROOM! IT IS DARK HERE! I AM DIZZY! EVERYTHING IS SPINNING AND I AM FALLING... FALLING...



M... MY HEAD! IT HURTS! IT... IT IS WARM AND DRY HERE! IT IS GOOD TO FEEL WARM AND DRY. I AM SO TIRED, AND



GONE, CORPORAL! WAKE UP! ON YOUR FEET! I HAVE FOR YOU AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT.





HURRY, CORPORAL! THERE IS MUCH TO DO TONIGHT! COME! COME!

YES, OVERLEUTENANT!

IT IS COLD AND DAMP AND I SHIVER AND MY TEETH CHATTER...

THIS WAY, CORPORAL! THIS WAY... BUT BE CAREFUL! THE ENEMY IS JUST OVER THAT HILL...



I MUST BE QUIET. I WILL HIDE IN THE SHELL HOLE AND MAKE OUT MY REPORT...

NOVEMBER 21, 1917
10:40 P.M. ENEMY POSITION: 80 YARDS WEST OF...

LISTEN, HANST! LISTEN! TAKE THIS! YOUR MAUSER...



SOMEONE IS IN THIS SHELL HOLE WITH ME. I TURN, GRIPPING MY MAUSER...



THERE HE IS, HANST! GET HIM! GET HIM!

AN ENEMY SOLDIER... I SWING AROUND, SENDING MY BAYONET INTO HIS SOFT BELLY. FEELING THE CRAMMING BONE... HEARING THE DUCKING SOUND...



GOOD, HANST! GOOD! NOW, GO TO WORK!

I PULL OUT MY BAYONET AND THRUST AGAIN, STANDING, GLASHING, CUTTING HIM TO RIBBONS...



CAREFUL, HANST! CAREFUL!

I SEE HIS FACE... HIS EYES... AND THE BLOOD POURING... POURING... AND I AM SO...



HANST! WHY DO YOU STOP? FINISH! FINISH YOUR WORK!

MY HEAD HURTS WHERE I STRUCK IT AND MY DREAM VANISHES, AND I AM STANDING IN A DARK CAMP CELLAR BEFORE A...A...



OH, LORD! A BUTCHER'S CHOPPING BLOCK!

NO OH HAH! FEMININE!

GHORE! THERE... THERE IS A BODY ON THE BLOCK! IT IS... HEAR SHOTS! AND THIS IS NO BAYONET! THIS IS A CLEAVER IN MY HAND!



GHORP! I ORDER YOU! FEMININE YOUR ASSIGNMENT!

I...I HAVE DONE A HORRIBLE TERRIBLE THING! BUT... BUT HOW MANY OTHER TIMES HAVE I DONE THIS? HOW MANY OTHER TIMES HAS HE...HE...? OOOOH...MY HEAD! MY MEMORY! IT'S COMING BACK!



HAVE! GOT TO UPSTAIRS!

I REMEMBER NOW! YES! YES! I WAS A BUTCHER... A GOOD BUTCHER! THEN A SOLDIER! I WAS A SOLDIER AND I KILLED A MAN IN A SHELL HOLE! THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION! EVERY NIGHT I HAVE DREAMED OF THAT KILLING! Y...YOU! YOU MADE ME DO THIS FRENCH WORK WHILE I DREAMED!



YES!...YES! YOU FOUND OUT I WAS A BUTCHER! LIKE NO OTHER SHOP IN ALL GERMANY, YOURS IS FULL OF MEAT! ALL OF THE VISITORS YOU HAVE BROUGHT DOWN HERE! YES! OF COURSE! YOUR EXCLUSIVE SHOP IS FILLED WITH HUMAN MEAT!!



N...NO! NO!

HE COMES AT ME...AND EVERYTHING GOES BLACK. IT IS SUDDENLY COLD AND DAMP AND HE IS THE ENEMY SOLDIER AND I AM STABBING MY BAYONET INTO HIS SOFT BELLY...CRUNCHING THE BONE...HEARING THE SUCCOR SOUNDS... STABBING...SLASHING...CUTTING HIM TO RIBBONS...HIS FACE...HIS EYES...THE BLOOD FOUNTAINS...POURING...



GOOD LORD!

GHORE...

HIE, HIE! WELL, I REMEMBER THAT'S MY DELIRIUM DISH FOR THIS ISSUE OF G.I.'S MAG. POOR HAND! THAT BLOW ON THE NOSE IN CLEARED IT FOR A FEW MINUTES... BUT HE SOON SLIPPED BACK INTO THE OLD GRIND! ANYWAY, HE WAS PUT INTO A HUGE WARM DRY ROOM WITH CUSHIONED WALLS AND BARRED WINDOWS AND HE NEVER ATE ANOTHER HAMBURGER AS LONG AS HE LIVED! 'WELL, NOW WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN Y. K.'S MAG, THE VALLEY OF HORROR!



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